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AUTUMN TERM - 1927

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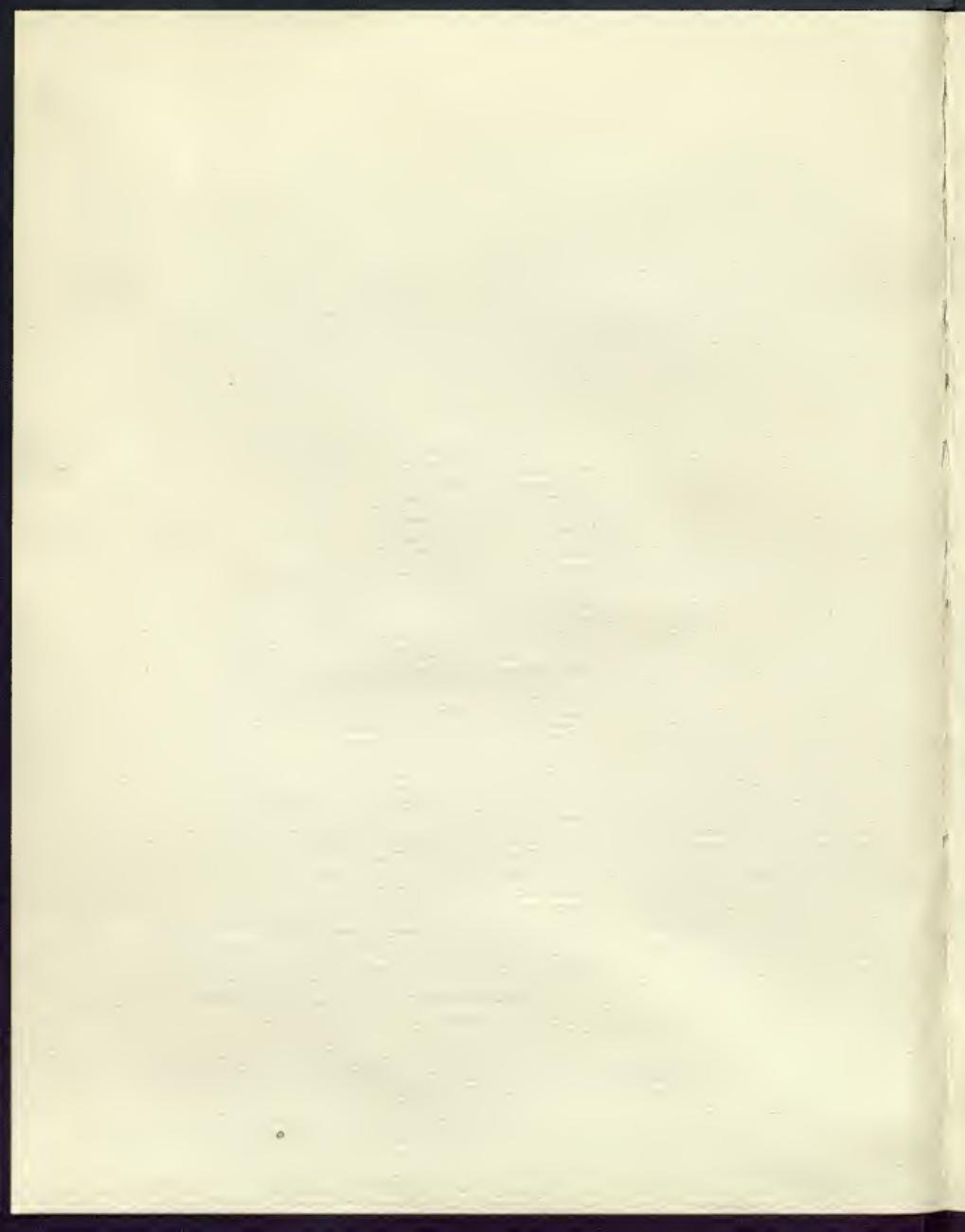


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The West Saxon.

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EDITORIAL.



the books before us in search of someone whose appearance seems to indicate the existence of a divine spark—the presence of undiscovered genius. So far, as our readers will discover for themselves, we have been unsuccessful. Our mute, inglorious Miltons show no signs of becoming articulate. Nor, on another plane, does it appear likely that Mr. Punch will ever recruit a second A. P. Herbert from amongst us.

At this point we pause, as our predecessors for countless generations have done before us, to enquire as to the purpose of a college magazine. It is not, we suggest, to improve the young mind; nor to reinvigorate the jaded and disillusioned; not even to give the editorial staff some journalistic experience. These things, valuable as they may be in themselves, are of secondary importance here. The first duty of "The West Saxon" is to report the activities and reflect the minds of West Saxons. And if, in our progress Wessexward, we remain mediocre and muddle-headed, we can scarcely be surprised if our official journal carries a convincing air of amiable futility. We cannot expect to be in a position calling for self-congratulation while the social and intellectual life of college remains unsatisfactory, either through some fundamental defect in ourselves or through the existence of such restrictions as that whereby all meetings are necessarily held at such a time that it is impossible for a student to support more than one society. Only when we have achieved a proper balance of academic, social and athletic activities can we hope to produce a "West Saxon" of which Wessex can be proud. Meanwhile we would venture to suggest that "The West Saxon" is not the only sufferer. Even examination results, the chief consideration for most people, can scarcely be expected to improve while the remainder of college life retains—to quote an eminent authority—its present "high level of mediocrity."

ROMANTIC PILGRIMAGE.

(Impressions of the C.I.E. Council Meeting at Rome.)

MARK TWAIN describes the journey from Genoa to Turin as like passing through a flute. In the train one may keep the windows shut and the compartment stifling, or open the windows to be choked by the black smoke that rushes along interminable tunnels. From the evil-smelling blackness one suddenly emerges to a snapshot of vivid sunshine on very blue, clear sea, pink and white villas among olives like grey willows, and straight, dark cypresses, and sunburnt people looking exasperatingly comfortable on the sands or in little boats. Then another long tunnel and hot darkness. The English delegation, having washed conscientiously every two or three hours until the water supply gave out, settled down resignedly to watch each other grow ever grimier and more disreputable. When the train left the tunnels and the hills moved inland, we ran along the coastal plain to Rome. From the marble yards on either side of the line rose a fine, acrid, white dust, which, settling on top of the soot from the tunnels produced for us a complexion of delicate grey so that we must have appeared to the Romans very much as our ancestors did to Caesar's troops, uncouth savages.

But let it not be imagined that the journey was tedious. One magnificent creature in a grey uniform with much silver braid hung up his sword on the door handle and stood in the corridor for our admiration, and once the guard, finding a pair of British feet on the seat, rebuked the owner and mulcted him of the sum of 10 lire (about half a crown). Then indeed we knew we had come into Italy where trains are state property and to be treated with due respect, as the notices written in Italian, French and English inform the traveller. Any damage renders one liable to a fine but, as the notice beautifully puts it, "if the injury does not vest the character of voluntary damage and if the transgressor declares himself ready to make an oblation equal to the minimum of the fine, as well as to pay the eventual damages, then the oblation extinguishes the penal action."

Life in Rome was very pleasant. At seven each morning we were woken by a violin player in the street. By this time the sun was warm and work starting, so that it was impossible to sleep any longer, for any taxi driver would be considered unworthy of his calling if he did not sound his horn at least twice a minute, and, as every driver of every vehicle is provided with a bell or a horn, or both, and is so full of the joy of life that he cannot refrain from hooting or clanging continuously out of sheer exuberance, one tram and three motors can produce the effect of Piccadilly Circus with full orchestration.

As the meetings were in a room with a glass roof and no windows, the atmosphere was apt to be trying, and we consoled ourselves by reading from the guide books such phrases as, "It is quite a mistake to believe that Italy is too hot in summer." At one o'clock the session was adjourned and we crossed the town to the big school almost under the walls of the Colosseum, where dinner and lunch were prepared every day. Imagine some four hundred and fifty students seated at long tables, talking together and shouting for ice in about thirty languages, the French students adding to the din by singing some of their (fortunately to most of us incomprehensible) songs, the South Africans always willing to oblige with a war cry, and the organisers occasionally endeavouring to make announcements in French and English heard above the uproar.

Among the most successful events were the dances in the Pincian Gardens. If you have never tried dancing on a marble floor in the open air under trees hung with lights you cannot imagine how pleasant it is. Of course, at first one bumps into the trees occasionally because they are obstacles one hardly expects on a dance floor, but one soon gets used to them.

We only left Rome twice, once to visit Ostia, where we bathed in the Mediterranean and, to our amazement, found it cold, and once to go to Tivoli where a special train took two and a half hours to cover the ten or fifteen miles between that village and Rome. From Tivoli, one looks across the plain to where St. Peter's is dimly visible on the horizon, and it is only then that one realises the immense size of the cathedral which can be seen when nothing else of Rome is visible. At Ostia and Tivoli we were met by a band and conducted in triumphal procession through the streets to the strains of the Fascist anthem, "Giovinezza," which is the only tune most of the bands can play. Our men complained that in Italy it was no use to have either a hat or a seat, because you are not allowed to use either. With (or without) the slightest provocation the band bursts into "Giovinezza" and the fact that it is played at the beginning of any performance by no means implies that it will not feature again at the conclusion.

Out of a crowded mass of impressions it is almost impossible to pick out the most important for description. Of the C.I.E. elections I have said nothing, not because they were not interesting, but because we talked and thought about nothing but elections for so long that we refuse to talk about them any more. The English delegation has returned with the feeling of a solemn obligation, a duty to perform, a sacred call to action in a noble cause. We are convinced that we cannot rest in peace until that Channel Tunnel is built. Personally, I feel that until the tunnel is completed all future C.I.E. meetings should be held in England. This conviction grew in me between Newhaven and Dieppe, and was so strong that I went aside to meditate on it in solitude, and when I saw the water at Dieppe on the homeward journey, I felt somehow that I should be impelled to meditate on the subject again . . . and I was not mistaken.

PHYLLIS HOLT.



TO A MEMORY.

YOU laughed last night : I heard you laughing. I
Having long since forgotten you and yours and that first pain,
Turned round, to see another with strange eyes
Who laughed ; and all my heart went wild again
To hear you laughing. And yet I have forgotten you—
Or so I thought.



NEW LIGHT ON MOTOR BIKES.

(Recent literary researches by the eminent scholar, M. Stephon Gass.)

(Illustrated by Mike L. Angelloe, R.A.)

MOST people seem to imagine that motor-biking is one of the joys (or one of the menaces—it all depends on the point of view, you know) of this our glorious age in particular. Now a careful study of the extant corpus of English literature has revealed to us, to our own complete conviction, that all these ideas about the newness of motor-cycling as a diverting pastime, are sheer bunkum. Probably it is a piece of premeditated deceit on the part of motor firms as a whole, to delude an unsuspecting public. Truly the proverb saith, "There is nothing new under the sun."

To prove the extreme antiquity of many well-known makes of buses, let us start from the beginning of things. Now, who would suspect his Satanic majesty of having been a super-speed-merchant in his palmier days? Well, now, J. Milton, Esq., Bard, who seems to have known more about the gentleman than most of his friends, in giving an account of that lamentable accident which landed him in a warmer climate, says that he "Dropped from the Zenith like a falling star" (Par. Lost).



"Dropped from the Zenith like a shooting star"

Of course, that is merely putting it poetically, but even so it is obvious that Satan was riding a real rip-snorter, something even hotter than the 680 c.c. model. Possibly from this incident arises the tendency among the unenlightened of our own age to regard mo-biking as the shortest of short cuts to the everlasting bonfire.

The Douglas (as many of us have long suspected) is very ancient indeed. In a poem written about 200 B.C. we find an account of a knight, who, feeling thirsty one day, halted (as who, my brethren hath not?) at a wayside hostelry for liquid nourishment, and as he was a careful chappie

"There he made the Douglas drink" (*Chevy Chase*)

Some few stanzas later (the bulb of his horn presumably having perished) we find
"Upon the Douglas loud can he cry."

Shakespeare tried a Douglas, too, but the poor chap evidently got pretty fed up with it, for he writes :

"At my tent the Douglas is, and I beseech you Grace, I may dispose of him" (*Henry IV*).

Probably this bike was the same one of which the bard writes with some bitterness : "I was forced to wheel Three or four miles." (*Coriolanies*).

Shakespeare must have had quite a lot of experience of different types of bikes; he started quite young, too. In "The Two Gents of Verona" which, as any of Prof. Pinto's flock will tell you, is one of his earliest plays, he announces with the optimism of youth :

"And here, an engine fit for my proceeding," but he soon found out his error, for a few years later he remarks (with a restraint wholly admirable, we must admit) :

"I'll mend this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave." (*Henry V*).

It is perhaps not altogether irrelevant to our subject to note in passing that according to a modern school of criticism, the moderate language of the second line is due to a pre-Bowdlerian expurgator; others have sought to deduce from it the presence of either Anne Hathaway, or the Dark Lady as a pillion rider. Another problem upon which we may claim with due modesty to have thrown light is the reason for that period of bitter disillusion in his life, known to Prof. E. Dowden, all lecturers, and 93.4 per cent. of the fools who take Inter Arts as "In the Depths." To our mind it is revealed by that single illuminating line :



"I 'gin to be a-weary of the Sun" (*Macbeth*).

What the early Sun models must have been like we can only infer from the gloominess of his outlook upon life at this period. Every schoolboy knows, of course, that his last venture was an Ariel. What is not so generally realised is that it was an out-of-date machine. Shakespeare himself refers to it as

"My Quaint Ariel" (*Tempest*),

but no doubt the bard was getting beyond speeding in his declining years.

Chaucer definitely tells us that on one occasion at least he rode an eagle (*House of Fame*), but whether this was the prototype of the popular Coventry-Eagle " Flying Eight" we are not qualified to say.

Not only, however, were motor-bikes popular with the poets and such feather-brained fellows, but we find at least one worthy bishop indulging in the pastime.

Writing to Henry VIII's private secretary on April 1, 1536 (the date is significant) Andrew Boorde, Bishop of Chichester, advises him with some acerbity:

"Trust you no Skott."

Perchance the worthy bish's bus had conked out on one of his pastoral peregrinations, or when mopping it up en route to a parochial tea. One can imagine how peeved even a bishop might become under these trying cirls.

An ecclesiastic of a somewhat later date, the Rev. C. Churchill, with that typical prejudice of all riders in favour of their own machines:

"Sickened at all Triumphs but his own" (1764).

In connection with Triumphs, perhaps the most remarkable outcome of our researches is to be found in a brief quotation from Pope:

"Say shall my little *bark* attendant sail
Pursue the Triumph."



"Anne Hathaway as a pillion-rider"

Now the word "bark," which to the best of our knowledge has escaped the notice of all commentators, is to our mind clearly a case of scribal error. (For fuller information on paleographic errors of a like nature we commend the reader to Prof. Forsey, or Mr. S. J. Crawford.) In our own mind we have no doubt that what the poet originally wrote was "Brough" not "bark." In confirmation of our hypothesis we have also proved it to our complete satisfaction by recently enunciated philological laws.

The initial "B" was retained in accordance with Schlopenhruogr's Law, metathesis of the "r" took place at the first Mormon consonant shift, while the palatal fricative "gh" becomes "k" by Old Scotch influence. Finally the relation of "ou" to "a" is clearly one of ablaut or auto-suggestion. Lack of space, and the shortness of the Editor's temper prevents us from tracing this absorbing word to its Primitive Germanic and Indo-European sources.

Of course, all this has really nothing to do with the case. The essential facts are that Pope, like any other merchant with a Brough, didn't see himself swallowing a Triumph's dust for long. Though we could cite numerous like instances, we are jolly well not going to, but having opened up this interesting line of study, we leave it (joyously) to our readers to follow up.



AT A SOIRÉE.

Phyllida

WHY have you sat beside me for so long
 In silence? Is there *nothing* you can say?
 True, all the usual topics of the day
 I long ago exhausted; that new song,
 Whether the band's time is quite right or wrong,
 The change of weather, the state of the floor,
 The latest Coll. joke (though heard times a score),
 Well, it's your turn now, I can do no more!

Corydon

O lovely damsel beside whom I sit,
 You rouse my adoration, not my wit.
 I loathe the band, the joke, the song, the floor,
 The weather is most hateful to me. More
 I cannot say, my heart is full, but I
 Gazing on thee, can only sit, and sigh. . . .

R.I.P.



IN THE EVENING.

AT twilight's hour, when the toil-fraught day
 Surrenders me to seek the beeches' shade,
 Between that distance where young voices fade,
 Where lighted trams cars rattle on their way,
 And me, there stand, rain-wet in sentinel grey,
 To guard my kingdom's quiet, gaunt, brown trees
 Among whose half-bare branches, whispering breeze,
 And gentle rain, hold converse. What these sigh
 Blends with the peace, no less than this soft leaf
 That flutters tired to the earth below,
 Joining the shifting mass its fellows weave,
 Which gapes so strangely where dark pools are set.
 Do these reflect heaven's dullness? I don't know,
 I must go home. My feet are jolly wet.

V. de S. QUARTO.



REVOLT IN THE DESERT.

WHEN authority sent Colonel Lawrence from Cairo to Jiddah "to find the yet unknown master-spirit" of the Hejaz Rebellion against the Turks, it unwittingly propagated an epic. For Lawrence had a concept of the end of the revolt, and a will to realise it, that carried him, almost against himself, through two years of war in the desert, and made the Arabs into a people. From Jiddah he rode up to Feisal, in camp at Harma, on the edge of defeat, and found "the leader who would bring the Arab Revolt to full glory." Feisal looked very tall and pillar-like, very slender, in his long white silk robes and his brown head-cloth bound with a brilliant scarlet and gold cord. His was the dream and the desire, Lawrence's the mind and the will. At that first meeting Feisal asked, "And how do you like our place here in Wadi Safrā?"

"Well; but it is far from Damascus."

"The word had fallen like a sword into their midsts."

But Lawrence was drawn into the conflict only reluctantly; back at Cairo, ordered to return to Feisal, he urged "unfitness for the job," said "that in all my life objects had been gladder to me than persons, and ideas than objects." The irony of modesty made him blind to the fact that this was his supreme qualification in a world overfull of trivial personal cares and ambitions. Only a man to whom ideas were "gladder" than anything else could have hardened himself as he did at Wejh, and for his reasons: "Something hurtful to my pride, disagreeable, rose at the sight of these lower forms of life (horses and mules). Their existence struck a servile reflection upon our humankind: the style in which a God would look at us; and to make use of them, to lie under an avoidable obligation to them, seemed to me shameful."

All his endurance and resolution were needed in the long campaign in the desert, for that was a worse enemy than the Turk. Days of intense heat and light followed one another in implacable succession; an Arab went blind—"in the night, waking up, there had been no sight, only pain in his eyes. The sun-blink had burned them out." Food and water was often short, and the alternative of death in the desert was long marches through the night, after days of marching. When Akaba fell, the Arabs had had no food for two days, so Lawrence crossed the Sinia Peninsula by camel in forty-nine hours. He was "burned crimson and very haggard with travel," less than seven stone in weight; but he met Allenby, and persuaded him to link up with the Arab army in Easter Syria. Then he returned to the desert to organise train-wrecking along the Damascus-Medina line. The attack on the Tell el Shehab bridge was made difficult by the hesitancy of the Serahin, a tribe on whose help Lawrence's party counted; so he preached to them. It must have been a queer sermon, that, delivered by a dying fire at night, in the desert.

"To be of the desert was, as they knew, a doom to wage unending battle with an enemy who was not of the world, nor life, nor anything, but hope itself; and failure seemed God's freedom to mankind.

"There could be no honour in a sure success, but much might be wrested from a sure defeat. Omnipotence and the infinite were our two worthiest foemen, indeed the only ones for a full man to meet, they being monsters of his own spirit's making; and the stoutest enemies were always of the household."

They went with him, that time on a fruitless errand; but service with Lawrence was beginning to be high honour. He formed a bodyguard, as the Turks put a price on his head. According to his own account, he bore a charmed life in battle; but he paid a heavy price in the physical sufferings Arabia demanded. The winter of 1917 was very severe: "The wind cut open the skin: fingers lost power, and sense of feel; cheeks shivered like dead leaves till they could shiver no more, and then bound up their

muscles in a witless ache." It was in such weather that Lawrence rode down from Tafieh to Akaba (more than a hundred miles) and back, part of the way alone, because the two Arabs with him were too exhausted and demoralised to go on. His camel baulked in a snow-drift, so he "carved her a beautiful little road" with bare hands and feet. "The snow was so frozen on the surface that it took all my first weight to break it down, and then to scoop it out. The crust was sharp, and cut my wrists and ankles till they bled freely, and the roadside became lined with pink crystals, looking like pale, very pale, water-melon flesh." That incident is typical; the nomads with their fierce personal courage could not endure as greatly as the little man to whom ideas were more than persons, and who could see and tell of beauty in his own pain.

Against such resolution and such vision, clear, impersonal, not the Turkish Fourth Army, nor the weaknesses of the Bedawin, nor even the stupidity of most of the British, could long prevail, and after harrying the Turks from Deraa, Lawrence entered Damascus in triumph. He had been a leader of an Arab revolt, and had taken it to victory; yet he was not a soldier, nor an Arab, and often shrinkingly conscious how alien he was to the world he ruled for two years. More than once he felt "tired to death of these Arabs"; very often his body was tired to death, but the "delirious activity" of his brain drove him miraculously to further endeavours. He survived unchanged in temper to write a book that is a masterpiece. His style, clean and vigorous, fittingly clothes his matter; it is the natural speech of a great man. Others looking back on the war, with its heart-breaking efforts that seem always to have been in vain, have surrendered to disillusion and bitterness. Lawrence might well have done so; but for him there is no disillusion. He saw and accepted everything, without comfortable make-believes; and went on. In John's portrait of him he gazes from under his headcloth with eyes that are brooding yet alert, as if he were scrutinising the enemies that so gallant a spirit must always make. Certainly he is a "full man" to meet them.

SIGMA.



THE MAGI.

After the Spanish of Rubén Darío

I am Gaspar. I bring here frankincense.

I say that life is pure, it is divine.

There is a God and his love is immense.

All men may know: his star has given a sign.

I am Melchior. My myrrh perfumeth all.

There is a God. He is the eternal Light

And every white flower praises his footfall;

In pleasure's blaze he hath set sorrow's night.

I am Balthasar. I bring gold and I say

There is a God. He is strong and vanquisheth.

All men may know him by the splendid ray

That gleams on the dark diadem of death.

Peace Gaspar, Melchior and Balthasar,

Love triumphs: he bids us to his feast, for now

The Christ is born: from darkness comes a star:

Life's crown is set upon a human brow.

V. de S. P.

ON THE DANGERS OF WRITING ARTICLES FOR MAGAZINES.

NOW that the college has expressed itself in debate on the desirability of dispensing with lectures, it might be expected that we be in a state of rejoicing.

But it is not so. We do not rejoice. Six lectures a day would be liberty and freedom and enfranchisement compared with the present moment.

Four gloomy walls, a draughty window in the modern German style, yellowing plaster beginning to fall on an unswept floor, the thought that the lecturer *might* after all turn up, the haggard faces of those who fear that he might after all turn up, the atmosphere of the elaborate frivolity of learning.

In such surroundings we sit and write a magazine article. As to-morrow is the closing date, the article has naturally only been started to-day. In such surroundings it is useless to seek inspiration. Inspiration must be received in the outside air and brought captive to the lowering gloom of these four walls, with something of the effect foreshadowed by Mr —, in that epoch-making work, "The — Bishop": "You might just as well take a fresh sea-breeze and keep it in a closed room and expect it to retain its freshness." Vide Mr. Shelley's "Defence of Poetry," *passim*. Think what that means: if our inspiration is *fœtid* and stale, our article will be *fœtid* and stale, too. And if the inspiration is still further dulled by the quality of the mind, the article is still further dulled by the quality of the magazine paper.

Again, think what that means: if our article be such it cannot receive the editorial approval, for to obtain editorial approval seems to be the only reason for writing in these times. The editorial sanctum, or den, is a veritable romance of aspirations, and the romance is all the more romantic if one's article is accepted. Now, if the article is as weak as it must be, it will not be accepted, and the romance ceases to be romantic. That being so, it ceases to be of any value to write the article, and any attempt to do so is vanity and a striving after wind. But we are told that all is vanity and a striving after wind, and so it is of as much use to write the article as to do anything else. It is at least as hopeful as reading Mr. Shaw's warnings on the idiocy of our civilisation, and it is at the most more interesting than listening to the drone of *The Lectures* or the latest popular song. Hopeful because there is the chance that the editor will think it of greater worth than it really is, and more interesting because it does allow of the display of a certain megalomania.

That all is vanity is a comforting doctrine. We commenced by raving at the confinement of four decaying walls, but now, when

Not poppy, nor mandragora
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine me to that sweet sleep
I owe to yesterday—

and the pain of the present makes the past seem almost idyllic, it is soothing to reflect that all is vanity. If there is no recompense—not even editorial consideration—for man's labour under the sun, there is consolation in cynicism and a delight in the thoughts of the pessimist.

Q.E.D.



OF THOSE GONE DOWN.

"They are all gone into that world of light,
And we alone sit lingering here,
Their very memory is fair and bright. . . ."

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES.

I. ECONOMICS.

ECON. theory always has
 A lovely symmetry ;
 You either swallow it in lumps
 Or else you wait and see
 In whom the last appalling question
 Is causing mental indigestion.

Governmental practice is
 Confusing and confused—
 Is red tape meant for ornament
 Or ought it to be used ?
 If this is public admin'stration,
 Heaven help the British nation.

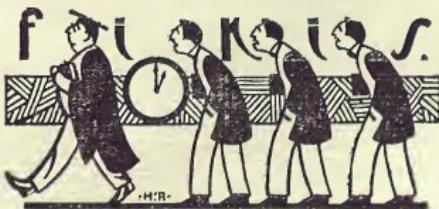
Monetary theories are
 Self evident abstractions ;
 Statistics are undoubtedly
 Like logarithmic fractions :
 A form of mental equipoise
 Which first upsets and then annoys.

Everyone adores pol: sci:
 Although one sometimes wonders
 Why no one ever tried to curb
 The intellectual thunders
 Of Aristotle, Locke and Hobbes,
 And shoved them into other jobs.

* * * *

Envoy :

Oh, gentle reader, if you doubt
 This scribe's capacity
 To tell of Economic Man
 With strict veracity
 Just pay a visit to Room 5
 And pray that you'll come out alive ! !



NOBLE THOUGHTS.

" If ever from an English heart,
Oh *here* let prejudice depart."—*Scott*.

" You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words."—*Milton*.

FRESHER'S COMPLAINT.

" Happy those early days when I
Shined in my angel infancy,
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race."—*Vaughan*.

MEN'S HOCKEY. " We plough the fields and scatter."—*Edith Sitwell*.

THE RUGGER FIELD.

" Come unto these yellow sands."—*Shakespeare*.

MR. C-V-NGT-N.

" Jack ! Jack ! what do you think of blooming,
love breathing seventeen ?"—*Sheridan*.

MISS B-TT-RF--LD.

" Sweet babe in thy face,
Soft desires I can trace ;
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles."—*Blake*.

MR. J-DS-N'S CHEESE.

Non olet ?—*Cicero*.

MISS K-RBY.

" Can it be
That this is all that remains of thee ?"—*Byron*.

MR. D-S-N.

" His kisses will not wound, the hair is still soft upon
his lips."—*Theocrates*.
" I must go to the barbers . . . for methinks
I am marvellous hairy about the face."—*Shakespeare*.

MISS P H-L-PS. " Alone, and pale and loitering."—*Keats*.

PROF. C-CK. " These little things are great to little minds."—*Goldsmith*.

MR. CL-WS-R. "Drink, pretty creature, drink."—*G. K. Chesterton.*

MR. B-RF-T.

"Oh latest born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!"—*Keats.*

MR. F. G. SM-TH, B.A.

"I came into the hostel and none knew me,
None came forth, none shouted he is here!"—

Francis Bannerman, with apologies.

MR. ST-R-Y.

"Up! Up! my friend and quit your books:
Why all this toil and trouble?"—*Wordsworth.*

REFEC. "I have been there and still would go,

"Tis like a little heaven below."—*Isaac Watts.*

MR. H-RL-W. "Smooth as Hebe's his unrazored lip."—*Milton.*

MR. FR--M-N.

"Careless he seems yet vigilantly sly,
Woos the strange glance of ladies passing by;
While his off heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide."—*Sheridan.*

MR. CR-F-RD.

"Philologist, who chases
A panting syllable through time and space;
Starts it at home and hunts it in the dark,
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's Ark."

INTERFAILURES. "Unrespited, unpitied, unrerieved."—*Paradise Lost.*

MR. -TT-. "As for the light of mine life, it is also gone from me."—*Psalms.*

MR. M-LLS. "O Mother!—Ida hearken ere I die!"—*Tennyson.*

MR. S-BB-RN.

"Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus."—*Julius Caesar.*

COLLEGE MANNERS. "Of courtesy it is much less."—*Hiliare Belloc.*

BETWEEN TWO GONGS.

TAP! Tap! . . . That was Annie with the hot water. Margaret Bennett turned wearily in bed.

A man and a girl stood on the hillside.

"So it's good-bye, Margaret . . . and God bless you," he said, and strode rapidly away, leaving her standing there in the sunlight. She caught her breath, and shivered slightly, a faint misgiving at her heart. Then shrugging her shoulders, she ran lightly down the hillside to join the gay, rollicking party at breakfast. That same day Dick Bennett had proposed to her, and she had accepted him. . . . Why? She didn't know . . . but he had been a good husband to her, and because he loved her he must never see the look of dumb misery in her eyes when she thought of that spring morning long ago, when she had said good-bye to Jack—and her own happiness. Why had she let him go like that? Oh, God, why had she not known then that she loved Jack as she could never love anyone else? Boom! That was the first gong! With a start Margaret scrambled out of bed and began to dress—she caught a glimpse of herself in the glass as she passed. Heavens, how middle-aged she was beginning to look. There were lines under her eyes, and her figure had lost its youthful curves. She turned away with a sigh and began hastily to draw on her clothes. It would never do to keep Dick waiting for breakfast. Punctuality was one of Dick's fads—one of them! Oh, the way those hundred and one harmless little mannerisms jarred on her. Sometimes she felt she would scream if he looked at her over the top of his glasses and said: "What did you say, my dear?" again in that quiet, gentle way of his. Yet she must give no sign that all her nerves were screaming and her heart ached—ached. . . . For Dick was good to her, much *too* good. Oh, how she loathed herself . . . if she could only die. . . . No, she must go on living, and for Dick's sake she must crush her very soul, her life. He was her husband and he loved her.

She drew the comb through her hair and began to plait the long, heavy braids with hands that trembled ever so slightly.

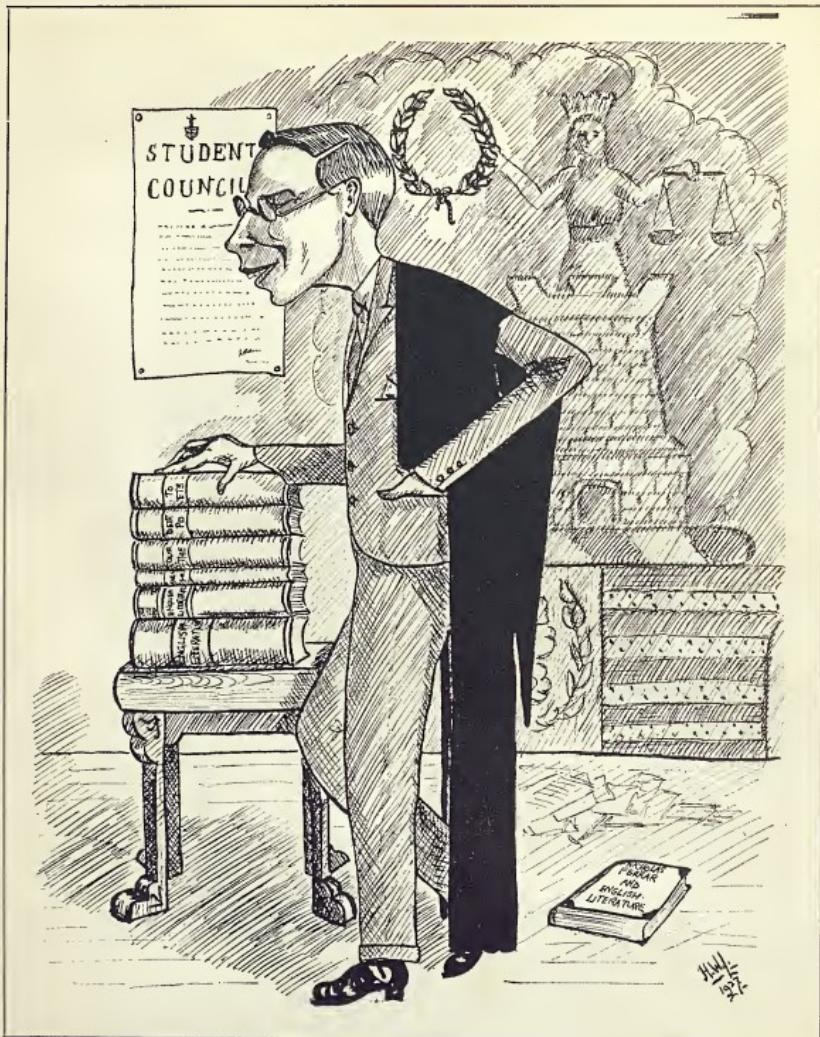
Dick hustled into the dining-room, glanced at the morning paper, and began to sort the letters. Two for Margaret—a bill—Income Tax—Private, and he caught his breath and his heart beat a trifle more quickly. He tore open the slim envelope with the foreign postmark. . . .

So Mary was dying, dying out there in a foreign land she had never loved. "When this letter reaches you it will be all over for ever. I should not have written otherwise. Oh, Dick, I wronged myself and you that day, years ago, when I refused to marry you . . . and so you proposed to Margaret in a fit of pique, and I married Oscar. God knows why, for I didn't love him. Anyway, I have paid the price—he has made my life a hell on earth. I thank God every day for letting me die before my soul is utterly crushed. Good-bye, Dick, I love you always. Mary."

Dick thrust the letter back into the envelope, seized the morning paper, but he could not read. It was all a blur. Mary was dying—the words sang in his ears—and that cad, Oscar. . . . The room swam before his eyes, a dreadful numbness settled about his heart. Heavens, there was Margaret's step on the stairs! He must pull himself together. He must never let her know. But . . . "O God, give me strength," he prayed. He breathed deep and mustered a smile as Margaret entered the room and kissed him.

He buried himself in the paper. Why *did* she always seem so calm and unruffled as if nothing could ever touch her? How would *she* look if her world came crashing about her ears?





COLLEGE CELEBRITIES.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNION, 1927-28 : MR. LEONARD A. POORE, B.A.

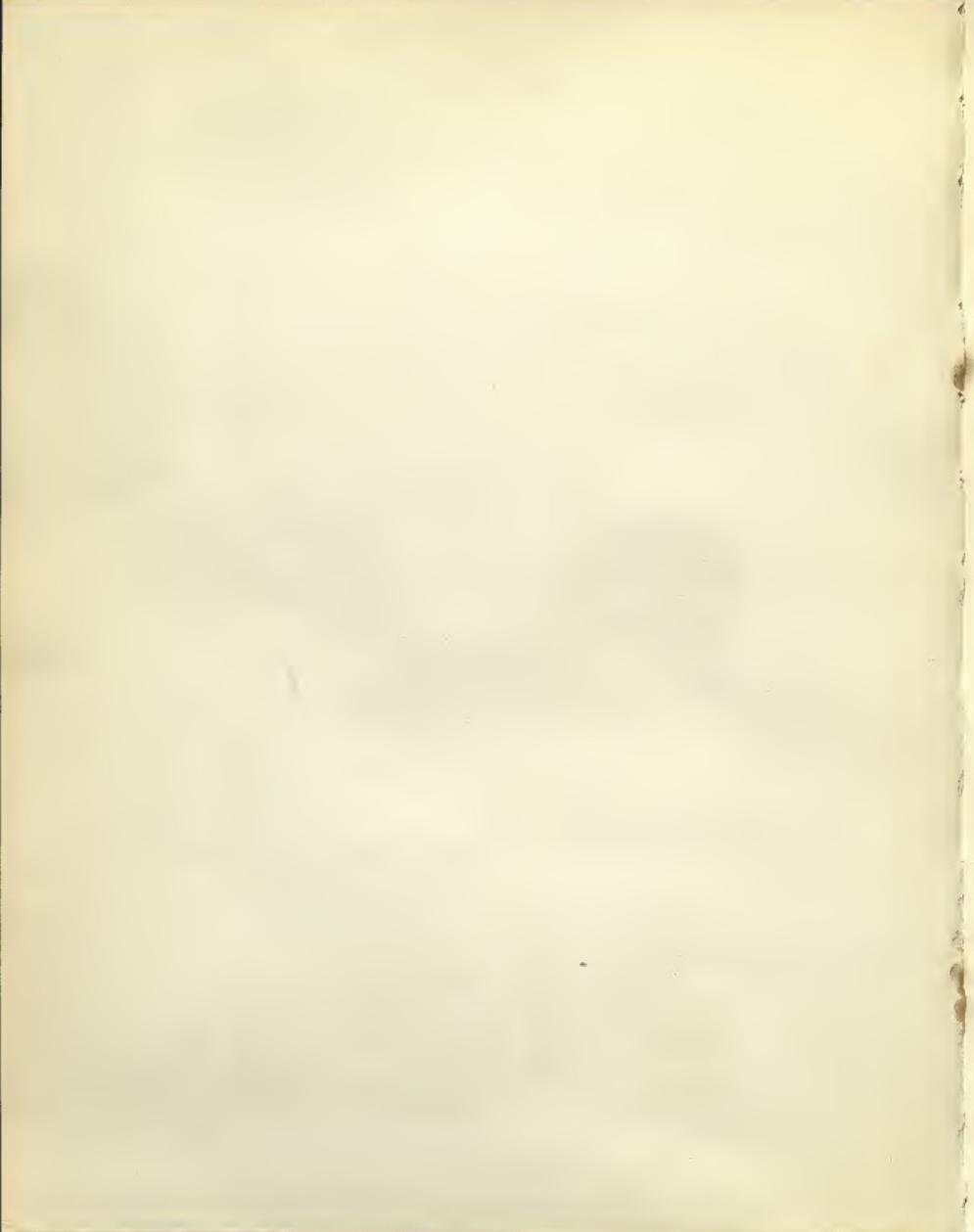
"Thou unassuming common place
Of Nature with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace. . . .

—Wordsworth.



A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST.

By Himself.



Margaret, from her accustomed place behind the coffee pot, surveyed with a wistful smile the top of Dick's rather bald head peeping over the top of "The Times" behind which he was ensconced as usual. A sharp spasm of agony showed for a moment in her eyes—then her face assumed its air of unruffled calm. "Tea or coffee, dear?" "Er . . . what did you say, my dear? Oh, coffee, please," mumbled Dick, and cracked his egg.



THE REFECTIONRY.

RAM it down,
Jam it down—
(Pass me the salt!);
Scoot it down,
Shoot it down,
Tho' it may jolt.

Gulp down your beans,
Potatoes or greens—
Don't wait to chew!
(Eating's a habit),
Cram in some rabbit,
But leave all the stew.

No time to talk,
When swallowing pork—
And what is the pudding to-day?
No time for please,
When scooping up peas—
(Don't bring any custard for May!)

Hurry—(I knew it!
Thursday—that's suet!)
Quick, then, and don't eat it all;
Ten minutes gone!
Put a spurt on—
Come and let's dance in the hall!

DYSPEPTIC.



ERIC, OR LITTLE BY LITTLE.

THREE was once since, unlike Mr. Wells, we dislike the term utopographer, a utopologist who took with him, when he went down from Oxford, a profound sense of dissatisfaction. He would never, he believed, feel at home either in the Republic of Plato or the World of William Clissold. In the long, involved and all inclusive talks which, rather than any difference of age and social position and academic reputation, form the chief difference between the life of our older universities and that of our younger, he was frequently led to the conclusion that what one needed was a Guiding Principle. That, indeed, the Republic of Plato had. But having studied history and hymnology he was forced to conclude that the principle of justice, admirable as it was, lack the vital force necessary to make a utopia function at once automatically and without monotony.

When, therefore, through no fault of his own save a talent for getting through exams well enough, but not well, he went down into the world, he determined to forego the dazzling prospect of becoming a gentleman of leisure, in order to seek a First Principle. On the first evening of his vacation, before even he had decided on a Method of Procedure, he left his father's house in South Kensington and began to travel towards Westminster; for though the mother of Parliaments, he thought as he paid the taxi, is undoubtedly a near relative of the father of lies, yet Christian started on his pilgrimage from the City of Destruction. "And what more can anyone do?" said he.

He lingered on the Embankment awhile, then, after some hesitation, decided it would be easier to appreciate the significance of the institution he had come to criticise by standing at some distance from it, say on Westminster Bridge. But on Westminster Bridge he was attracted by the beauty of the scene around him, and, with a burst of noble generosity, he quoted Wordsworth to the passers-up. Brought down to earth by the ironic cheers of a host of Cockney urchins he hurried on, trying to relate the scene he had witnessed to the principle of a Utopia.

"If it be true," he said, "and undoubtedly it is, that earth hath not anything to show more fair, then one must perforce model one's utopia on Westminster Bridge."

He therefore called on a mathematical friend, and far into the night they calculated by how many times Westminster Bridge would have to be multiplied in order to accommodate the present population of the world. At precisely thirty-seven and a half minutes past three it occurred to the friend of the utopologist that no river in the world was wide enough to require a bridge as long.

This he communicated to his friend the utopologist.

"Then," said the utopologist, "we will put it lengthways on the river, from the source to the mouth. I wonder that idea has not occurred to anyone before."

His friend pondered. "The scheme," he pronounced, "is excellent. It is, however, marred by two facts which you ought to recognise before you invite tenders. Firstly, if the bridge goes lengthways you will either be unable to get to land or else unable to see the river. Secondly, owing to the peculiar nature of geography the bridge would probably make a switchback into the sea and drown you all. Moreover, I have reason to believe that it wasn't the bridge itself that Wordsworth meant, but the view."

I deeply regret to be obliged to report that at this point the utopologist betrayed all his nurses and governesses and tutors and dons and one thing and another and used bad language.

"Bother," said he.

There was a ghastly silence.

"I think I'll go to bed, if you don't mind," he said at last, and in the same weak voice.

Next morning over the marmalade the utopologist's father put down his paper, removed his pince-nez, and said to the utopologist: "Well, my boy, what about it?"

"Yes, sir?" said the utopologist quietly.

"What about coming into the office, my boy?" Mr. Bloggs continued paternally; "you must make up your mind sometime, you know."

The utopologist swallowed the dregs of his coffee, wiped his mouth, hastily folded his napkin and deposited it in the butter dish.

"I'm ready, father," he said in a strong, silent voice, and five minutes later the front door banged behind them.

* * * * *

Moral.

"If you would be spared to friends

Do nothing but for business ends"—and this kind of thing for no end at all. The public won't swallow it.

P.Q.R.



ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

Composed by the Diploma Class whilst chewing gum at the Art School—24/11/27.

O	Vase—the best of all creation— Evocate in me some mild elation.	(K.S.) (E.V.M.)
	Fill, I pray, the aching void : Let me not be still annoyed,	(A.R.S.) (P.O.B.)
	As I ruminating chew Perfecting this subject new.	(J.H.R.J.) (R.J.H.)
	And yet <i>I</i> could more perfect be, Sorest I, Vase, my heart in thee.	(G.T.M.) (E.D.C.)
	Perfect outline—shade sublime— How I wish that it was time !	(G.H.) (E.M.F.)



A LOVELY THOUGHT.

R OTTEN tripe, tripe and rot,
Don't we learn a bally lot?
Tripe and rot, rotten tripe,
The world's undoubtedly over ripe.
Over ripe and getting rotten—
Getting—it's already gotten;
Gotten rotten—too ripe tripe,
And I can't rhyme this to save my—lips!!

OUR 'ERB.

'Erb is a mystery to me. Apart from being my cook's "young feller," I can prove nothing definite against him. I have my suspicions that he is an habitual law-breaker, yet when I try to bring my cook round to my way of thinking, she becomes quite indignant. I am afraid she is a simple, guileless soul. However, she is continually telling me about her 'Erb's adventures. I therefore have urged her to tell the world about 'Erb. Perhaps someone can tell me how to save this poor girl from marrying a convict, in spite of herself. Yes, while her back is turned I'll say: convict. In the meantime allow Maggy to unburden her soul to you.

* * * * *

'E's been well eddicated, our 'Erb 'ave, too, you know. Come from a public school e'ave. Bostal or Borsal or some'ink. Any'ow most of the pupils gets good berths in business—lots o' 'em's on the Stocking Exchange. 'Erb belongs to a 'Ome now, ye know, a bachelors' 'ome; very select, down Dartmoor. 'Erb don't say much, but 'e tells me they 'as butlers an' all down there—calls 'em warders or some'ink. Funny part is all the bachelors' as special pyjamas, all arrers painted on 'em. Next time 'e goes down 'Erb's gone 'a bring me some o' the material t' make a dress from. There's princes in incogniters down there; I s'pose, 'cos they don't use their proper name, but 'as numbers instead—posh idear, I reckons.

They got some branches o' the 'Ome in other parts. There's a place called Wormwood Scrubs, so 'Erb says; but 'e don't like it there. Always gives 'im 'ousemaid's knee. They got another place, Sing Sing. 'Erb's been in the choir there, but 'e 'ad to leave. 'Is voice ain't been the same since 'e was in the army. Any'ow it's Dartmoor what 'e like best o' the lot. 'E's a favourite down there; the're always sending for 'im. Comes for 'im in a posh black car, they do, with suits of arms on, too. Only thing I don't like about it, the winders bein' barred. Don't think it's 'ealthy some'ow. I'd complain. But there, 'Erb's so easy goin', 'e don't like to offend 'em. That's the worst of 'is takin' ways.

'Erb knows some good people, 'e do. 'E's well in with the p'lice. Bit too pally, I thinks. Don't keep 'em in their place. I don't mind myself 'aving a "double" with 'em, but when it comes to walking arm in arm and chained together with 'em, I don't 'old with that. Besides 'e's not their class. 'Erb's been presented at Court, 'e 'ave. Why, on'y last month 'e was debussed at Winchester.

'Erb's got some playful ways, 'e 'ave, too. 'E keeps on changin' 'is name. Says it's a game 'e's playin' with some chaps from the 'ome. Calls it "Aliases." It comes in 'andy for 'im, too, 'cos sometimes they keeps pressin' for 'im to go down the 'ome' and 'Erb don't always want to. So'e just lays low. Funny, the p'lice don't like it at all. They comes nosin' round me astin' if I seen 'Erb. Cheatin', I calls it.

There's them wardens, or whatever they calls 'em, too, I don't like some'ow. Seems too aspicious to me, an' they ain't none too civil either. Why, 'Erb 'appened to be sittin' on the walls down the 'Ome the other day—only for a joke, like. But didn't them wardens kick up a shindy. Come out with some guns, mind. Made 'im get down, they did. 'Erb told 'em 'e was 'avin' a little fresh air.

Coo! t'other day, I 'eard our 'Erb talkin' to our Bill. "I'm goin' t' chokey 's arternoon," our 'Erb says. Crikey, I came over all faint like. "Oh, 'Erb," I moans, "'E's goin' t' ammit a murder," I moans. With that I rushes down to p'lice station. "Yer," I says, I says " 'Erb Lea's goin' t'ammit a murder." " 'Erb Lea?" yells the surgingt, "'e's the bloke we're arter." With that they ups with the're 'ats and rushes out.—I ain't seen 'Erb since. Our Bill says the cops so upset 'Erb that 'e 'ad to go down to the 'Ome for a month.

T.E.L.

A RAMBLE IN THE HARDY COUNTRY.

ONE of the prettiest walks in Wessex is that from Casterbridge to Mellstock, and thence to the birthplace of him, who, by his writings, has made both famous.

We alighted from the Budmouth train at Casterbridge on a beautiful August afternoon, and turning aside from the main street at the war memorial, skirted the old walls till we arrived at the water-mill at the bottom of the town. Here we were reminded of one of the most tragic scenes in "Far From the Madding Crowd," for it was along the road on which we were walking that poor Fanny Robens and the friendly dog dragged their steps to the poorhouse. We crossed the stream by the grey, weather-beaten bridge, about which prosaic motorists are always complaining, and after keeping to the high-road for a short distance, we turned to our right along the field-path to Mellstock (Stinsford). The path is a narrow one, slightly raised on account of winter floods, with a ditch on either side. To the left the field is boggy, and the pale mauve flowers of the lady's smock trembled on their slender stalks, while meadowsweet, white cresses, and many water-plants concealed the ugliness of the ditches. After we had walked for about half a mile, we passed a charming thatched cottage. The wall which faced us was washed by a little stream, and, at its foot, the stone, instead of retaining its natural hue, was green to the depth of two feet or more. The garden was a blaze of colour, and the scent of the old-fashioned flowers which rioted there, followed us on the breeze long after we had left the cottage behind. Our path soon joined another of equal narrowness, and we turned to our left almost at right angles to follow the new path. There was a thickset hedge on either side of us, and here and there a tree, or the stump of one. After a slight ascent we reached a small wicket-gate through which we passed into Mellstock Churchyard. The only buildings in sight were the church itself, and the walled-in, rectangular-shaped Rectory, with its symmetrically-placed windows. We stepped quietly into the church porch, panelled like the hall of an old manor house, and then into one of the prettiest little Wessex churches I have ever seen. The building is a very old one, and though it was enlarged long ago, yet it is still small. As we entered the only note of colour, apart from the brownness of the pews, was the blue and silver of the carefully-tended altar. Here, in this very place, Dick and his friends looked on from their position of vantage, and observed the behaviour of the congregation—how the farmer's wife counted out her week's reckoning during the sermon, how Fancy, from her corner among the school children, cast shy glances around her, and how Parson Maybold covertly observed Fancy. ("Under the Greenwood Tree").

We noticed as we left, that people from far distant places of the earth, as well as from near at hand, had signed the visitors' book in the porch. Not only do

" William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Ledlow late at plough,
Robert's kin, and John's and Ned's
And the Squire and Lady Susan, be in Mellstock Churchyard now ! "

but Mr. Hardy's kin rest there, too, and he himself loves the place, and, in spite of increasing years, sometimes visits it still.

We left the churchyard and soon turned into a road which led over a quaint bridge. Here we stayed for a few moments to watch the brown fish in the water below, and to follow the flight of the martins, with the white patch near their tails, and the swallows as they darted just above our heads and then skimmed the surface of the stream. We smiled at the notice threatening us with transportation for life if we damaged the bridge, and passed on into the village of Bockhampton.

After passing the diminutive post-office, the school, and four or five cottages, we came out into a shady part of the road, with not a living soul in sight. As we started to climb the hill, an old-fashioned carriage passed us and made us think we were really in the Wessex of half a century or more ago, for the little old gentleman inside was attended by servants in livery in the true old-fashioned style. By the time we had reached the brow of the hill hedges had taken the place of trees, and through the field-gates we had glimpses of corn-fields where the corn was almost ready to be cut, ploughed land with small patches of yellow charlock here and there, and fields of short, green grass in the near distance.

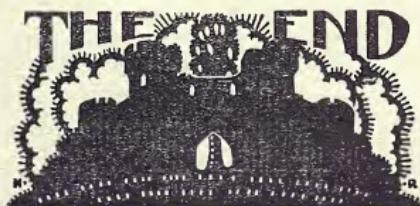
Not far away we could see Yalbury wood, where Josiah Poorgrass once held a little conservation with an owl, and through which Tranter Dewey and his son often walked.

We turned sharply to our right down a hill which challenged us to race each other to the bottom, and after narrowly escaping killing a brood of brown chickens, which ran hither and thither in the roadway, we found ourselves drawing near houses again. Most of them were real, old Wessex cottages, but even in this lonely spot there was an annoying white "Tudor" house which tried to look old, and yet shrieked its newness at ever passer-by. Farther on, when we reached the cottages, we forgot the modern house, for these opened right on to the road, and the red and white cosmos in front of them, though partially kept back by wire-netting fastened to the wall, was growing on the roadside.

The last cottage stood alone on the opposite side of the road; here the great Wessex writer was born. We could scarcely see the low thatched building from the gate, as the front of the house was covered with green, climbing plants, and the bushes at the gate straggled and needed cutting. A dog began to bark furiously, and frantically tried to leap through a small, square window at the rear of the cottage.

Egdon Heath ("The Return of the Native") stretched right away from where we stood, and as we looked across that lovely stretch of land, clothed with ling, heather, bracken, and short gorse, over which the nightjar flies on summer evenings, uttering its low, purring cry, we felt that if we followed the narrow trackway across the heath, we might meet Eustacia Vye and her lover; or, if walking in the darkness, find two men playing dice, while the heath-ponies looked on, and the moths flew round the lantern.

F.A.G.





SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

OUR predecessors remarked on "the eve of their many departures : "The old order changeth." In some ways this seems true. Once again we are a united family" and we welcome very heartily over fifty Freshers. We especially welcome the return of an old Hartleyan in the person of Mr. Barfoot, and wish him a very long and happy stay in his new capacity. The old order has changed in so far as we no longer watch the flames of roaring gas fires, but content ourselves with dark and sombre walls of heat. We, too, have achieved another step forward with a new and quiet common room where far from the loud speaker's roar a cosy book can be enjoyed from the depths of cosy arm chairs. Indeed, we are a fortunate band of students.

Lest our life be deemed too comfortable it must be mentioned that our Study Circle group has grown immensely, and we have to thank in this respect Mr. H. Bains and the Rev. Wilkinson for their kindly evening discussions this term. Our library, too, has progressed and bids fair to becoming one of our most useful acquisitions of recent times.

To date our social engagements have been few ; the Seniors, however, have spent a very enjoyable evening as the guests of Montefiore House, while South Stoneham has had the pleasure of the company of Highfield.

To forecast is dangerous, but in a place where salmon pink collars vie with silk top hats there can be little gloom for the future, and despite new fire drills, or siren-like whistles, life grows steadily brighter and happier within the walls inhabited by men.

W.C.B.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

WE welcome to Highfield yet another batch of Freshers, whose spring-like verdure proved pleasantly refreshing after the ardours of school practice. To the uninitiated observer, who may chance to pass the house at almost any hour of the day or night, there is mingled with the accustomed optimism and gaiety an apparent streak of pessimism, indicated by the oft-repeated call of the fire-whistle. The "sharp, shrilling shriek" is heard ; we tear ourselves reluctantly from our wrestlings with Anglo-Saxon or differential equations ; we array ourselves hastily in our treasured and venerable academic dress, rescue our favourite mascots and powder-bowls ; finally, we fling ourselves headlong down the nearest flight of stairs, and arrive, palpitating, at the bottom, only to be told by the cheering spectators that there is no vestige of a fire

anywhere, and it's not even fire-drill. No, it is only the Warden calling the canine whirlwind, who may or may not (usually not !) answer to the name of Sandy. As the latter has a habit of losing himself at least a dozen times daily, and may only be recalled from his doggy adventures by repeated blasts on the said alarm-whistle, we are gradually becoming inured to these false alarms.

On November 19th we were entertained at South Stoneham House. We were "At Home" on November 26th, when we had the pleasure of entertaining some of the Staff and senior members of South Stoneham and Russell House.

M.G.W.

SOUTH HILL.

WE have nothing to record of sensational or melodramatic nature; so far this term has maintained a high level of mediocrity. Before proceeding further with our plaints, however, we would extend a hearty welcome to our ten juniors. They are a promising lot. This was made plain before our eyes during the first week of term by the "Prelim General Science and Psychology Paper (Year I)," set by that benevolent body, the Hostel Board of Examiners. The solicitous care of the seniors at the outset of term, also brought to light a fair amount of vocal talent.

This erstwhile abode of peace and quiet (!) now harbours an unprecedented collection of instruments, which, in deference to a long-suffering community, we will refrain from describing as *musical*. Suffice it to say that the rumour that the B.B.C. has sought our services is quite groundless.

Our social activities have up to the present, been nil, but we are looking forward to entertaining Stoneham juniors on November 26th.

M.C.R.

MONTEFIORE HALL.

NEW friends and strange faces are hardly as much in evidence in Montefiore Hall as elsewhere in college this term, but our Freshers seem to make up in quality what they lack in quantity, judging, at any rate, from the enthusiastic backing they have been giving house functions.

Our social activities, so far, have consisted in the entertainment of our own Freshers on the first Thursday of term, and of South Stoneham Seniors on November 12th. Both occasions owed much of their success to the interest and energy of our Warden.

Thanks to the kindness of two members of the Staff we have been able to open our own banking account; on the strength of which rumours of plans for a more adequate communal life and widened social activities are being heard among us.

P.S.

RUSSELL HOUSE.

WE are glad to be in a position to report that Russell House is stronger in numbers. A large contingent of "tip-top" Freshers came up to join us this term. We need, and are confident of, their hearty support in all our activities. We have been prevented by external circumstances from entertaining any of the other Halls this term, but we anticipate an excellent vacation in that we are playing the host to Montefiore Hall on the 19th of December, and will be their guests on the 14th of January.

H.F.S.

STUDENTS' GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



set," were places of great interest to all.

The last meeting was in co-operation with the Students' Economics Society, when Mr. E. Burrows gave a vivid survey of the "History and Present Trade of the Port of Southampton." Great interest was aroused in the uncouth fashions of the ladies of only 30-40 years ago.

The Rev. Hartley Holloway is to give us an illustrated travel talk early next term—so watch out!

R.M.

ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL SOCIETY.

AT the time of going to Press the Orchestral and Choral Society has little to report. We are busy—submerged in the mysteries of the opera "H.M.S. Pinafore," which will be produced during March. Although we have had much difficulty in arranging a suitable time for practice, rehearsals on Tuesdays from 5 to 6 p.m. are now proceeding.

We are pleased to report that the male section of our chorus is considerably strengthened this year, although up to the present our efforts to discover a principal tenor have been unsuccessful.

The society welcomes several members of the Staff who are taking an active part in the opera.

C.F.T.

STAGE SOCIETY.

UNDER this heading I dare not say too much. By the time this article appears in print "The Romantic Age" will have been thrust upon the College, and everyone will then have formed a very definite opinion—I pray that it may be favourable—of the activities of the Stage Society throughout this term. At the time of writing, however, the writer's temperature is at least 102, and his pulse is beating double time—in fear and trembling lest all criticism be adverse—and justly so—yet he is buoyed up with great optimism, and the thought that all those taking part—even the producers—are trying their hardest to make the production a great success. If not, our motto next term will be :

"If at first you don't succeed"

G.T.M.

S.C.M.

WE believe that we can report a real growth of interest in and support of the S.C.M. this term, due probably to a large extent to the influx of an appreciable number of juniors, who have thrown themselves enthusiastically into the movement and supplied us with that new blood which is indispensable if we are to justify ourselves as a movement, and not fall into a futile state of stagnation.

Our first meeting was held on October 20th, when Prof. Lyttel gave an address of welcome to the Freshers. Then Harry Baines, the travelling secretary, spoke in the Hall on November 1st, and later in the day led a discussion in the W.C.R.

In all three Hostels, as well as in Montefiore House, discussion groups have been formed, and we still have hopes of starting one in Russell House.

South Stoneham, too, had the pleasure of a visit from the Rev. F. A. W. Wilkinson, Missions to Seamen Chaplain, who promised to give us any work he could, arranging as an earnest of this to take three or four of us with him on his next visit to the Calshot Lightship to help with his fortnightly service there.

Finally, our weekly prayer meetings, held on Wednesday mornings, have been very well attended, never less than twenty turning up, so that they evidently supply a real need.

H.O.

NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS.

THOSE of us who were responsible for meeting and entertaining parties of American and German Students have had sufficient personal contact to realise the value of the N.U.S. Perhaps the most interesting party was from Hamburg University; they visited U.C.S. and were entertained to lunch by the Union.

In order to place its work on a firm financial footing, the N.U.S. is launching an appeal, as our part in this, and also in helping the International Student Service, we are holding The Dansants next term—a form of enjoyment which, we know, will appeal to the non-dancer as well as the dancer.

The Oxford Congress needs no advertisement here; but to those who are considering ways and means, and who have not yet decided what to ask from Father Christmas, we would suggest—A visit to Oxford.

U.H.P.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

AFTER the fashion of little brooks,
Still continues.
Two lectures, have this term been given
Audience; and we hope, within the next
To become recipients of
Several more.
Tho' usually of a technical nature,
The subjects are, oftentimes, of interest to
Many among the Multitude;
And to any such, we offer
A Hand of Invitation, and
A Seat of Wood.

BACKGEAR THREEPHASE.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.

THIS session only one meeting of the Science Society has been held, at the time of going to Press; a second meeting is to be held on Tuesday, November 29th, when a lecture will be given by Mr. S. P. Harris, B.Sc., on "Some Products of the Laboratory" (with full experimental illustrations).

Our first meeting, at which Mr. L. G. Stoodley, BSc., gave us a lecture on "X-rays," was held on November 8th, and was attended by a large number of students. The practical demonstrations of the properties of X-rays were particularly fine and were enthusiastically received by the audience.

It was thought that the sphere of usefulness of the Society might well be extended, and accordingly permission was given for about 20 boys from Taunton's School, Southampton, to attend our meetings.

Students of *all* faculties are welcomed, and the meetings are distinctly non-technical so that they may be interesting to members of every faculty.

C.H.B.

THE ECONOMICS SOCIETY.

THE programme of the Economics Society proves that, although one of the youngest it is not the least ambitious of the College societies. Several prominent men of the commercial and economic world having promised to address the Society during the session.

Up to the present two meetings have been held. At the first Mr. Hodgson read a paper on "Chestertonian Economics," which provoked an interesting discussion on the economic possibilities of "Distributionism."

An experiment was tried on November 22nd when a joint meeting was held with the Geographical Society. Mr. Burrough, assistant commercial manager of the Docks, delivered a lantern lecture on a subject of mutual interest, viz.: "The Commercial Development of Southampton Docks." The success of this meeting leads us to hope that this will be the first of many joint meetings of the two societies.

The society's meetings are by no means exclusively departmental or academic, and non-members are assured of a warm welcome.

D.B.S.

SCOUT CLUB.

THE Scout Club has attained something. In the first place it has been responsible for a very correct Professor discarding his coat, chasing round the room after a defenceless student, and dealing out whacks with a knotted scarf, in accordance with the rules of the game of whackum.

The Model Evening, run by Piers Power, was a great show as it not only introduced the fascinating methods of scout training that make such an appeal to boys, but also afforded a very jolly evening with everybody doing something all the time, the lecturer in mathematics being particularly interested in knotty problems with a rope and an imaginary steer.

Apart from spending pleasant evenings tackling the scout tests and trying to break each other's necks and noses with gym. stunts and boxing, we have gathered a nucleus for a Rover Troop that should come into existence next term, when we hope to hike our way to the woods and glades for practical woodcraft and campcraft.

H.R.M.

LE CERCLE.

LE Cercle as yet has held but one meeting this term, Dr. Lawton giving a talk on the lesser lights of Paris. However, one of Musset's comedies will be played before the end of term. We should like to repeat and emphasise here that a specialised knowledge of French is not at all necessary in order to enjoy the meetings of Le Cercle. Moreover, we should like to urge that all secretaries meet at the beginning of every session in order to allot out days of meetings for the various College societies. Much of the clashing that now occurs would thus be avoided.

L.T.E.

CHESS CLUB.

LEISURE for the mind play of the fancy, the delight of dumb contemplating man, an inheritance of Glory, such delights our Chess Club give. However, few are our number, though our victories many, little our expenses, and women, there aren't any.

Results : "A" team—v. Taunton's School, $5\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{1}{2}$ (won); v. Y.M.C.A. I, $2\frac{1}{2}$ — $3\frac{1}{2}$ (lost); v. Docks and Marine, 5—1 (won); v. Old Tauntonians "A," $3\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$ (won). Played 4, won 3, lost 1.

"B" team—v. King Edward's VI School, 3—2 (won); v. Y.M.C.A. II, 1—4 (lost); v. Old Tauntonians "B," $3\frac{1}{2}$ — $1\frac{1}{2}$ (won). Played 3, won 2, lost 1.

H.A.E.

PLAY READING CLUB.

THIS term the P.R.C. has held regular fortnightly meetings, and by the end of the term seven modern plays will have been read, including the one-act play read at the Freshers' Social.

At times the attendance has approached the half century mark, but (and I am afraid I must confess the truth) once the audience consisted of only seven people. I do not think that this denotes apathy on the part of the members, but rather that the scheme by which all societies must meet on Tuesday evenings has gone wrong. When a scheme—the idea of which is to give more time to all societies—limits the activities of students to one society only and, moreover, forces society meetings to clash consistently, one with another, till it becomes painfully obvious that the scheme is far from perfect. I venture to suggest that these defects should be remedied quickly, so that next term we may all jog along happily, unhampered by the detrimental restrictions which now exist.

G.T.M.

SOIREE.

AS no mention was made of the Soiree at the Freshers' Social, we will take this chance of remedying the omission. By way of definition it is a Social Evening at the College, including dancing. "This is one of the occasions where the men get to know the women and the women get to know the men, in fact, they all get to know one another."*

At the first Soiree of this season Gil. Hulme's orchestra was engaged, and this, in conjunction with clement weather, made it a huge success.

We trust that this is an indication of many future enjoyable evenings.

E.M.S.

* A.M.O.B.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.



After a period of slackness the society is beginning to hold its own again, yet there is still much room for improvement before we can see the men and women in this College stand up and talk—sense. Debating is more than a mere quibble of words. It is a contest of reason, not of personal likes and dislikes. The general impression of the lunch hour debates this term is not a very happy one. Apathetic crowds of students sit round the stoves, some members even turning their backs on the speaker (a good example of the politeness of the students). Occasionally the speaker rouses the crowd to shout and yell and make a noise generally by touching on something which appeals to the vanity of one or other of the sexes.

We must get away from this man versus woman bogey in our debates. If, as one speaker said, the men must stand on their rights and keep designing females in their place, then a co-educational college is no place for them. Next term we hope to entertain a few delegates from one or two Universities.

If each student backs up the society wholeheartedly we shall be able to give them a good debate. Remember, although the tongue is a little member, it can boast great things.

M.E.C.

LEAGUE OF NATION'S SOCIETY.

Inspiration fails me! This can only be explained as reaction due to lack of funds. We began life this session with a balance in hand of 1s. 3d.—soared to the giddy heights of 27s.—and we are now again eking out a bare existence with the simple aid of 1s.

Apart from these lesser details, however, the society has been fairly active, the most outstanding event being the visit of Gordon Bagnall, whose meeting on October 5th made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers (where were the men?).

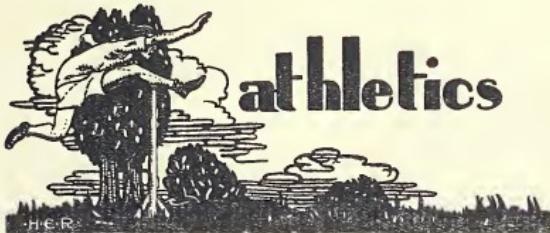
We thank Prof. Lyttel for presiding at Mr. Gordon Bagnall's meeting, and Dr. Horrocks and Mr. Ford for the help they have given us in our discussion groups. We are expecting a visit from Mr. Judd, secretary of the British Universities League of Nations Society, and a friend from Czechoslovakia before the end of term.

K.S.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: "Sphinx" (Liverpool), "The Northerner" (Armstrong College), "The Serpent" (Manchester), "Naval University College Magazine" and "University Gazetteer," Birmingham.



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

THOUGH a quiet and unassuming lot the soccer team has this term, in the words of an impartial observer, brought home "the bacon." But what is more astounding is the fact that our 2nd team has done more than hold its own, in a way that augurs well for the future. In eight out of ten matches the 1st XI has been successful. Our two defeats, one by Calshot and one by Woolston Wednesday, deserve mention in so far as they would not have been defeats if only college forwards had realised that the net is the place for the ball.

Our best game, undoubtedly, was that with Winchester T.C., against whom we just got home, due in the main, to some splendid team work and fine goalkeeping.

This season we are a *team* and with this fact in view ought to keep the flag flying. This does not mean that we lack personalities, our "veteran" centre-half is still a tower of strength, in spite of other shortcomings, his hat trick against Union Castle F.C., prior to his fiftieth consecutive appearance for college, deserves of special mention.

But many are our trials to come, and with a few more stalwarts on the touchline much may be accomplished.

W.C.B.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

THE rugger team cannot claim to have met with conspicuous success up to the present. We have not yet been able to produce an effective combination, but there has been a marked improvement lately, especially among the forwards who apparently have begun to realise that rugger is not a ladies' game, and to demonstrate the fact by word and deed. Injuries have weakened the threequarter line, but we shall soon overcome this difficulty.

With regard to our record, the less said about it the better, but we invariably obtain great enjoyment from our matches, and are not hampered by the necessity of preserving an unbeaten record, two advantages which outweigh all such considerations as that of keeping a balance on the "points for" side. Thus, by a sense of cheery optimism, we are able to turn defeat into victory, always remembering that the uses of adversity are sweet.

E.A.C.

NETBALL CLUB.

WE have had a very successful beginning to this season. The first team has played and won six matches and in a variety of weathers. The second team has played five games, of which they have won three and lost two, and has improved very considerably since the beginning of the season.

With the exception of the match against Bristol we have had only "home" games, but the fixture list registers "aways" for the rest of this term and for most of the next.

R.M.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY.

ALL people, 'tis with joy that we relate,
 The first have won all matches up to date :
 About the second team we will be mum,
 Hard luck ! They haven't won a single one :
 Whereas the first have scored a score and six,
 The other sides have shot against them dix.
 We welcome to our team the Freshers' twain,
 Not least of constellations in our train ;
 This splendid record is, as we all thinks,
 Most largely due to worthy captain Jinks.

We feel that the extra practices allowed, through the kind co-operation of Miss Ricks, are of great value in raising the standard and enthusiasm of the game.

G.A.H.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

IT would, we feel sure, be unsuitable, not to say undignified, to recount the term's activities of the Men's Hockey Club in flippant "poetic" form ; although we are certainly not at a loss for inspiration. At the moment the question uppermost in our minds is :

Oh, forwards, when will't score again,
 In thunder, lightning or in rain ?

We miss those hockey "stalwarts" who went down last year, especially our late captain, Farrell. The club, as ever, is weak in numbers, owing chiefly to the low sports intellectuality of the Freshers.

The results of matches up to the present have been rather adverse. We have won one match, against Portsmouth Municipal College, during which we scored the large majority of our goals. Our goal average, however, is misleading. We have had some excellent games, but have been dogged fairly consistently by bad luck. A considerable improvement is noticeable, and we can *confidently* look forward to a period more successful in match results.

W.C.H.



THE OXFORD CONGRESS.

OXFORD is in danger. A superb natural position, combined with superb railway facilities (for goods, if not for men), have made her a fit place for industrial development. New industrial areas are creeping up all round the city. New factories are being built. Men are actually *making* things in Oxford. It is small wonder that residents and members of the University are alarmed. But the worst is not yet. Oxford is not yet the Detroit of Great Britain. With good fortune the Oxford Preservation Trust will see to it that the worst never comes. Her beauty still is statue cold. Her streets are still streets where the great men go. Even to-day if you happen to be passing the place at sundown you may see the line of festal light in Christ Church hall. Still is she a city of ancient loveliness and Gothic spires. And *you* may see her before it is too late, before Oxford is forgotten and only Cowley remains. You have an opportunity now. The Universities' Congress is to be held in Oxford at Easter, and registration forms are fluttering about the country.

And the subject of the Congress? It is a rude question. But it needs rude questions, not a little buffeting, and a shake or two to rouse most men from their sleep. "Quo Vadis"? We will not translate it for you. (No, we are not so rude as that.) The modern generation; its hopes and fears, its achievement and its aims, is to be surveyed by men and women whose names are heard in the Councils of the nation. It is to be surveyed also by men and women whom the world does not consider specially big, but who have this virtue, greater even than bigness, that of knowing what they are talking about. And it is to be surveyed also by men and women who probably do not even know what they are talking about, but who do at least belong to the generation whose problems are being discussed, *id est*, by ourselves. For we are not merely going to Oxford to be talked at. We are not going there to sit in pews, nor to take lengthy notes. There will be very few full dress meetings. But we are going there to discuss these things ourselves, to seek after our own answer to the question "Quo Vadis"?

Moreover, there will be a Parliament. There have been Parliaments at previous Congresses. There was one at the first Oxford Congress: there was one at Cambridge. But these have been a mere postishe of Westminster. Party divisions were reproduced; official attitudes were reproduced. They did not carry us much further than would a study of the newspapers. But at Bristol there was no parliament, and it is hoped that the old tradition was broken. This year there will again be three parties—rumour has it that the Liberal Party will at last be in power, and lively things are expected. If reports are true, this Parliament will certainly *not* be an imitation of Westminster.

There will be many other things to do. There will be two dances—for those who hold that universities should be the home of reasonable beings a Rational Dress Ball has been introduced into the programme. There will be tennis courts; boats and punts will be available at reduced prices. There will be excursions by steamer and by charabanc. Strange men from far countries are coming to tell us of their ways. Our own English Mr. Rolf Gardiner hopes to carry the Morris dance into the very home of the Morris Cowley. If you have never sung before, if you have never dreamed of singing, if all singing is to you anathema, yet will your lungs yield to Mr. Christopher Mayson's silver-tongued persuasions. On Sunday there will be a Congress service. And just as at Cambridge men and women saw the glories of making marmalade in the flats of Histon, so doubtless at Oxford Mr. Morris will let you have a look at them making motor-cars down Cowley way.

There remains only one thing to be said, and that is that you should register at once.

H. G. G. HERKLOTS (Cambridge).

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